

It worries a woman terribly not to have anything to worry over.

When money does not talk too much it may properly be termed a modest sum.

J. J. Hill's favorite hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought comes to me and ore."

Spelling reform will probably become popular in penitentiaries if it proves to shorten the sentence.

John D. Rockefeller is earning his income by telling the plain people how to behave themselves.

The unfortunate thing about a divorce is that it seldom cures the parties of the marrying habit.

To the Russian terrorist it is probably immaterial whether he blows his victim to pieces or scares him to death.

A good dinner produces the same state of spiritual exaltation in a man that a slight of a bargain produces in a woman.

Surgeons found a gold nugget in the appendix of a Colorado man. Of course they announced that the operation was a success.

A joint debate between John D. Rockefeller and William J. Bryan would make an interesting campaign diversion.

Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," is to go on the stage. It remains to be seen whether he'll make good in packing houses.

A Philadelphia court has ruled that divorcees shall not marry the co-respondents in their cases. That's one way to check the divorce evil.

As another evidence of prosperity attention might be called to the freedom with which the people invest their money in souvenir post cards.

Will that London alienist who is selling emotions in capsule form please send over a few that will make a fellow in hard luck feel like a winner.

A New York monkey jumped on a live third rail a few days ago and was instantly killed. Sometimes a monkey exhibits a lack of intelligence that is almost human.

Chinese women are giving up the practice of compressing their feet. Civilization is making rapid strides. Some of these days they will begin wearing tight corsets.

President Roosevelt's spelling made him say that we have "past" a pure food law. This is unfortunate, but perhaps if we sit down and wait a while it will catch up with us.

The Canadian banking system is being adopted in Chicago. One of the chief features of the system is the fact that when the depositors put money in, it belongs to the depositors and not the president.

One of the latest portraits of Rudyard Kipling is a snapshot taken by his wife. It shows him as he looks while on his farm, but is fatal to his reputation as a hard working farmer. His trousers are creased.

Three years ago an old man became ill on a Pennsylvania railway train. He was kindly cared for by the candy butcher. A few days ago the old man, who was a wealthy manufacturer of Coatesville, Pa., died and left \$8,000 to the candy butcher. Always be kind to old people who are traveling.

So far as it has been figured up at Tokyo the total money cost of the war with Russia amounts to \$1,100,000,000. This does not include the interest on the war debt to be paid hereafter. It cost Great Britain little, if any, less than that to conquer the small Boer republics of South Africa—some \$700,000,000 being added to the principal of England's public debt alone. Little less amazing than Japan's overwhelming of Russian power in eastern Asia is the comparative smallness of the money cost.

Curious excuses are sometimes made by lawbreakers and criminals for their misdeeds. Thus, the late Jesse James declared that he robbed banks and held up trains because members of his family had been cruelly treated during the Civil War. The non sequitur is amusing, but it is not more so than the plea of a Chicago young man who says that he was so moved by the accidental shooting of his brother some months ago that he has since found no solace save in stealing automobiles. There is no limit to the fertility of humanity in the matter of excuses.

When Alexander wept for more worlds to conquer he could not, of course, have thought of the Arctic regions. A movement is now under way in more than one country to lay claim to the possession of portions of the vast polar territory. The glutinized modern nation has to satisfy its land hunger with these frozen sops. Canada has sent a cruiser to the far north to establish the Canadian title to much of the land lying within the Arctic circle. Canada lays stress upon the explorations of Hudson, Franklin, McKenzie and the many successful English explorations which revealed the north passage and all the land south of the Arctic circle. But to say that therefore the half-revealed territory intervening between these well-marked channels and the pole should be accorded red on the British maps is to presume too much. The task of delineation is so hopeless and seemingly so profitless that the suggestion to submit the region to an international ownership as is the high seas seems the most

reasonable suggestion yet made. The region should continue to be named "No Man's Land."

The Chicago fruit dealers who have been under censure for selling fruit in baskets which do not hold the right quantities have made a confession. They have declared, what many a householder discovered long ago, that there is a difference between a "bushel" and a bushel. One of these terms refers to a measure long since abandoned by all good dealers. The other refers to a unit of price. The Britisher who talks of the guinea knows well that there is no coin of that denomination. In like manner, when the grocer or fruit dealer speaks of a "bushel" he has no reference at all to that old fashioned measure mentioned in the arithmetic. The dealer says that he is the innocent victim of the basket maker's deception. This latter individual makes a nice round basket, with splendid handles. The fruit looks well in it when a bit of netting covers it. But when the purchaser proceeds to remove the contents a big dent is found in the bottom of the basket and the bushel is discovered to be only a "bushel" and the half-bushel nothing but a "half bushel." One is a unit of measure. The other is a unit of price. There is not a bit of doubt that the basket makers reduce the capacity of the measures they make. But a few stiff fines imposed upon the dealers would soon put a stop to that. If every basket made by a certain firm was to be rejected there would be a change in methods in a remarkably short time. The "bushel" basket is not alone. It has plenty of company. Not long ago a Congressman from Chicago found, on examination, that many a "pound" article contained much less than a pound. A "quart" bottle seldom holds a quart. A "pint" rarely is a pint. The custom has become general in trade to scale and cheat a little everywhere. Even weights which are supposedly accurate are found on testing to be faulty. The shrinkage generally is on the side of the dealer. One never hears of the customer paying 20 cents for "a quarter." The United States government is working toward a uniform system of weights and measures. For a hundred years things have run along haphazard. The trusting public has been cheated by dealers until it is expected. No one but a city inspector hopes to get a bushel for a "bushel." But a splendid equipment has been provided at Washington for the study of such matters, and the time is not far distant when the laws of the United States will cover cases of fraud in this direction. The bureau of standards has already done much during the short period of its existence. Its influence is sure to be felt everywhere before many years.

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Similarly other American women in London have exhibited the ability to extend intelligent aid.

Three of the most select of England's dukes depend largely on American wives to advance their interests at court and socially. The duchess of Marlborough was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. She has filled her place with skill and judgment and is an especial favorite of England's King. The Viscountess of Alford is an American. Her husband is a member of the House of Commons. Her husband is a member of the House of Commons.

Lady Bageot, whose husband was a lord in waiting under the last government; Lady Dehurst, whose husband is the eldest son of the Earl of Coventry; Lady Donoughmore, whose husband held office under Mr. Balfour and who is credited with being one of the cleverest men in the House of Lords; Mrs. Cecil Baring, whose husband is Lord Revelstoke's heir, are all Americans. Sir Bache Curzon, of the Cunard Steamship Company, is appropriately married to an American lady.

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great social qualities that would make her an admirable helpmeet for the Duke of Manchester, but she has carried the fortunes of that young Englishman forward at a bound.

Similarly Miss May Goebel has been recognized as a leading factor in English social life.

In addition to these women Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, who afterward married Lord William Berosford, was the daughter of Commodore Price, of Troy, N. Y., and Consuelo, Dowager Duchess of Manchester, is a native of Louisiana.

Among other politicians who have American wives are Hon. Frederick Guest, son of Lord Wimborne, Lady Herbert, widow of Sir Michael Herbert, the British ambassador at Washington, is an American lady, as are the wife of Sir Henry Howard, the British minister at The Hague, and the widow of the late Sir Clinton Dawkins, the famous financier.

Every woman in this notable galaxy is esteemed as having the insight into public life and the courage of action that lifts her from being a mere shadow of her husband into a factor in every big movement.

In England there are far greater opportunities politically for the gentler sex than in America. It is recognized that she has a right to be heard on the hustings and at every session for Parliament she takes a prominent part.

Half a dozen American women besides Lady Curzon have performed notable feats in politics. The most distinguished of these is perhaps Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who before her marriage in 1888 was Miss Mary Endicott, of Washington. All through the stormy public life of her famous Anglo husband Mrs. Chamberlain has been staunchly at his back and to the credit of "Joe" it must be said that he makes no secret of his indebtedness to her.

The lovely Miss Jerome, of New York, first became the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill. She not only advanced the interests of her husband but she lifted their son till he now occupies the fine post of undersecretary for the colonies. After the death of Lord Churchill his widow became the bride of George Cornwallis West, who is 20 years her junior. She is ambitious for her young husband and will never rest content till she has advanced him to a post which she believes commensurate with his powers.

A former Englishman, Liberal of might, Sir William Harcourt, married an American daughter of Morley, the historian, and his son, Lewis Harcourt, has followed the same example, perhaps presuming that the help his father obtained from his American wife suggested well for what would come to him.

There are six American countesses in the peerage. The Earl of Craven, who owns 40,000 acres and a priceless collection of pictures, married Miss Bradley Martin. The Countess of Egmont is a southern lady, the daughter of Warwick Howell, of South Carolina. The Earl of Essex, who served with the yeomanry in South Africa, has as

AMERICAN WOMEN IN LONDON.

Leaders in Art, Social Life and Philanthropic Work.

During the last decade the daughters of Uncle Sam have taken such a conspicuous place in London life that they have come to be accepted as leaders.

In art, social life, literary work, philanthropic movements and even in those important political functions with which the wife of a British peer or politician must concern herself they have been foremost.

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ONLY A LITTLE FELLOW.

Only a little fellow, Pattering here and there, A streak of dirt on his sun-browned cheek, And gold in his tousled hair.

Only a little fellow, With laugh like a silvered song! A small white soul in the crowded hives— A mite in the striving throng.

Only a little fellow, But lost to a mother's breast— And the night wind breathes a lullaby Out where he's laid at rest. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE WOOING OF SADIE CALKINS.

As the shiny, rubber-tire buggy drawn by the shabby little Morgan mare, skidded through the thick dust in front of the store, Marvin Hancock pushed a jocular elbow into Washington Hancock's ribs. "How does that there outfit strike you, Wash?" he asked. "I don't approve of it," replied Hancock, severely, leaning forward to reach for a splintered shingle that looked like good whittling material. "First place," he continued, pressing the spring of his jack-knife and shaking out the blade, "first place, the gal's too good looking for him; second place, the seat of that buggy is a darn sight too narrow, an', thirdly, he's havin' too doggone easy a time, anyway. Abe Wilson ought to have booted him over the fence the first evenin' he come around to set up with the gal."

"I don't see why," observed Sol Baker. "Sam's a tofable likely young feller an' he's got a good farm of his own, slides what he'll get when the ol' man passes in his checks."

"I'd do it on general principles if I had a gal an' some feller come sparkin' around," said Wash. "I wouldn't let him think we was goin' to git her too easy. I'd be more like Israel Calkins."

"Took it pretty well, didn't he?"

An' Mis' Calkins was with Lafayette Cook when he took a notion o' beavin' Sadie Calkins. I look to see Carrie Wilson couln' inter town ridin' on the hounds of a lumber wagon an' tottin' her own wood for the cook stove inside of a year or two. I like to see a feller sweat afore he gets the gal he wants, b'gosh."

"Most of 'em do, an' then they find out it was some other kind they wanted," said the storekeeper feelingly.

"If Israel Calkins booted Lafe Cook he's got more spunk 'n I give him credit fer," said Parsons. "Israel ain't knee high to a pint o' cider an' Lafe's right smart of a man."

"I didn't say he booted him," said Hancock. "I wouldn't undertake ter boot Lafe myself—no unless I got mad enough. When I git mad enough I'll do most anythin'. No, Israel didn't make no breaks o' that sort. Him an' Mis' Calkins was both as pleasant as a basket o' chips. It was, 'Come right in, Lafe. Set down an' make yerself to home. Sadie, take a dish an' go down cellar an' bring up some o' them eatin' apples."

"How's your maw a-gittin' along with her terrameter ketchup, Lafe?" Mis' Calkins 'ud ask him.

"Then Sadie'd come up with the apples an' the ol' folks 'ud gas about 'Lonzo Walker's corn an' the Hereford bull Cal Ripley had shipped in from the Smathers stock farm 'n the new schoolhouse at deestrick 2 an' the county bridge over Little Tarkio an' all the news there was a-goin' an' Lafe'd set there an' say 'Yes, an' 'No, an' 'low mable. It was so or mable it wasn't an' couln't scarcely git a look at Sadie, let be a word with her, an' she was one o' the quiet, shy kind same's Lafe was an' hadn't got nothin' ter say neither."

"Long erbout 9 o'clock o' Israel'd stretch out his arms an' say, 'Ho-yo-o, hum, ha! Gosh, but the nights is gittin' short! Van, Sadie, you'd better be climbin' fer bed. You won't be so pesky an' unshut ter git out of it in the mornin'.' Hayn' him!"

"Sadie'd climb, an' after a while Lafe'd git up and reckon he'd have to be goin'."

"It went on that way for the best part of a year. Lafe wasn't well enough acquainted with the gal so he could say anythin' much more'n howdy when he did git a chance to see her by accident, she beln' shy an' him beln' shy. When they started up the icyer-yeer in the winter he did get up unkn' enough ter say he'd like ter take Sadie."

"That's real clever of you, Lafe," says the ol' woman. "She'll be real tickled to go—won't you, Sadie?"

"Yes'm," says Sadie, hangin' her head.

"I would, too," says the ol' lady. "Israel never did hanker after such doin's, but there hadn't nothin' ter prevent him stayin' to home. Bring the surrey, Lafe, if you'd jest so soon."

"So there wasn't no way out of it that Lafe could see but ter take the ol' lady along, too. That sorter discouragin' him an' although it came on good sleighing later he didn't dare to ask Sadie ter go out with him in his cutter fer fear Mrs. Calkins 'ud want to come too, an' he'd hater set on her lap an' drive. Pity him an' Sadie come to an understandin'. That was the nex' summer, after he'd walked the ol' woman all about the grounds at the county fair tryin' to t're her out. She hung on as long as she could an' then she seen Sadie was plum dead on her feet an' she 'lowed she'd set with the gal till

HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE CHILEAN EARTHQUAKE.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF LA MERCED.

The earthquake which visited South America on the 16th of August did enormous damage in the district round Valparaiso from the Andes to the sea. Valparaiso was for the time a second San Francisco. All the terrors of the earthquake in the California city were there—earth, tremors, fire, looting. It is estimated that some 2,500 people were killed in Valparaiso alone and \$150,000,000 of property destroyed. There were several violent shocks, the first two causing most of the damage. Many of the finest public buildings were wrecked, among them the Victoria Theater, the Naval Club, La Merced Church and many others. Great suffering has prevailed in the country since the disaster. It will take many years to rebuild the city unless foreign capital becomes interested.

I GAVE MY LIFE— ALL I HAD TO GIVE.



It is no new thing to say that woman has more potentiality for powerful emotion than man, but the world is just beginning to awaken to the deep, relentless and implacable hatred that animates the women of Russia's dreaded "Bying section" and impels them to deeds of almost inconceivable daring.

The last victim of her own revolutionary enthusiasm is Soda Komolintseva, hanged for the murder of Gen. Min. commander of one of those Moscow regiments which slaughtered hundreds during a recent uprising. Waiting quietly on the railway station platform at Peterhof at close range, she deliberately fired five shots into the body of the hated commander, and then submitted to arrest.

There was no opportunity for escape. Her pistol was seized one. Long before the pistol was lifted she had steered her heart to the inevitable.

"I gave my life," she said quietly, as she ascended the steps to the gallows—"all I had to give."

Unhappy Russia! What must a people suffer when their women go serenely to their death as to their bridal feast?

LAUNCHING BY ELECTRICITY.

Ingenuous New Mechanism Used at a British Shipyard.

The launching of the new British battle ship Agamemnon, which took place on June 23 at Deauville, Scotland, was marked by the use of ingenious new mechanism, says the Literary Digest. In particular, we are informed by a writer in Engineering, that the old type of dollys were replaced by a series of interlocking levers, which release the triggers that hold the vessel until the signal is given that all is ready for launching. Says the writer:

"Two separate triggers were placed on each side, each fitted with magnetic reply gear to indicate on the launching platform that the mechanism had worked satisfactorily. The whole gear was controlled by means of a miniature steering wheel and standard placed on the launching platform, and so adjusted that when the Countess of Aberdeen, who performed the ceremony, gave the wheel one complete revolution, the dollys were released and the vessel was free to run down the ways. A powerful hydraulic ram was placed at the forward end of the sliding ways on each side of the vessel, the cylinders being coupled to the same supply pipe to insure equality of pressure. These rams were for the purpose of giving the vessel a start if she had not moved directly the triggers were released; but in this instance they were unnecessary. The dollys for checking the way on the ship after she had successfully taken the water were formed of chain cables, three piles being arranged on each side to come into play at suitable intervals. The total weight of dollys employed was about 600 tons, and their action in bringing the ship to rest was in every way satisfactory. The total time taken from the start until the vessel was actually clear of the ways was 1:51."

The writer says further: "The particular berth upon which the Agamemnon was built was specially prepared for the laying down of a vessel of the largest and heaviest type, great care having been taken in the piling in the area. Nearly 1,000 pitch-pine logs, each 40 feet long and 12 inches square, were driven vertically into the ground, with cross-ties on their tops, the total quantity of timber used in the preparation of the berth amounting to about 80,000 cubic feet."

On Stage.

"Papa, what's an heirloom?" "Oh, anything that's been in the family a long time."

"Is sister an heirloom?"—Houston Post.

While the women are the mainstay of a church and all that, still a preacher hears a terrible lot of apologizing for the dust on the Bible when he asks for one in making a call.



SOME AMERICAN WOMEN IN LONDON.

SAVAGE BRIDE IN SILK DRESS.

Rhodesian Natives Celebrate Nuptials in Garments of Civilization.

A recent marriage of natives at Francistown, South Africa, was described, according to the Rhodesia Herald, as "smart, pretty, fashionable and chic. The wedding ceremony was carried out in the European way, and a white minister officiated. The bride, a daughter of the chief of the Bechuana warriors, wore a white silk dress with a two foot train, a bridal veil and a wreath of orange blossoms.

The bridegroom was the son of a Matabele chief living in Matopos. He was resplendent in a black suit, linen collar and cuffs, silk tie, white felt hat, orange blossom boutonhole, flowered socks and patent strapped slippers.

The ceremony over, the register was signed and a choir of fourteen sang "Blessed is the Man" and "Peace and Good Will." The minister then took two snap shots of the wedding group, and gave them good advice, after which they left for the kraal of the bridegroom's father. There four bullocks were killed, and the wedding festivities were kept up with much feasting and merriment.

His Phonetic Disciple.



We know how the gypsy moth was brought into this country, and everybody will hope that if any winged creatures are to be imported here they may be dead specimens of their kind. A paragraph in a recent English paper makes mention of a cargo of flies landed there toward the close of March. It consisted of several sacks filled with dried flies, consigned to a large firm of grain merchants.

These flies, exported from Brazil, have been purchased for use in the manufacture of food for chickens, cage-birds and the like.

They were caught on the river Amazon by Brazilians, who travel up the river in flat-bottomed boats, and who are provided with gauze nets with which they capture these insects in millions, as flies hover in dense clouds over many of the swamp reaches of the Amazon. The flies thus caught are killed and dried in the sun.

Rousing Lion of St. Mark.

"I suppose you saw the Lion of St. Mark when you were in Venice?" "I did. Got there just as they were feeding him."—Boston Transcript.

A fool can have more fun with a dollar than a rich man can with twenty. That's one reason he's a fool.

areas and even in the mining districts of Rhodesia. Elephants are becoming scarce, being practically extinct south of the Zambezi, except on the east coast and in a few parts of Rhodesia. They are now strictly protected to save them from extinction.

The rhinoceros is rare except in the Portuguese colony south of the Zambezi. The hippopotamus is to be found only in Orange River, the streams of Zululand and in the Portuguese rivers.

One of the remarkable natives is King Khama. The headquarters of his tribe is Serowe, a town of 20,000. Here and in all his dominions he has abolished European law, and their introduction or use is followed by severe punishment. He has suppressed witchcraft and so encouraged education that most of his people can read.

The Mashonaland plateau is beginning to fill up with European farmers. With its perfect climate and fertile land it grows every kind of crops of the temperate zone, and the farmers are already looking forward to raising enough to supply the whole of Rhodesia. Thus throughout the "dark continent" in whatever direction there are evidences of a rapidly growing civilization.

Ambulance Drills in England.

Fritz Morris writes entertainingly in The Technical World Magazine of the Inter-Railway Ambulance competitions, which take the place of football and other bone-breaking games among the organized railroad employees of Great Britain. All such employees are carefully trained in the proper methods of handling people injured in accidents and in the annual contests, teams of the most expert, representing various lines, meet to decide which can handle a given number of cases in the shortest time and in the most skillful manner.

Railway ambulance men take the keenest interest in this competition. In 1905, twenty-four railway companies were represented by teams in the contest. Preliminary heats are held on three successive days—one in the provinces, and two in London—to decide the six best teams, who again compete in the "Final."

Largest Power Station in the World.

The Fisk Street Station of the Commonwealth Electric Company, of Chicago, says M. R. Greene in the Technical World Magazine, "a portion of which has recently been completed, has been designed for an ultimate capacity of 150,000 kilowatts. When completed this will be the largest electric light and power station in the world. It is a steam turbine plant and will, when completed, contain fourteen of the largest power units ever constructed—having a capacity of 12,000 kilowatts each. When it is considered that so late as the year of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago a power unit of 1,000 kilowatts capacity was displayed as the then largest ever built, one gets some idea of the recent advance in electrical engineering."

The real humble man is the plumber's assistant.